Laira Green. 7 Feb.y 1839.

My dear Son,

The letter I received yesterday gave me more pleasure than I can express. Your hopes, months ago, of getting into a government office did not appear to me of a nature to produce a reasonable reliance. Now you have written that those hopes are accomplished. This happens also precisely at a period when you discover the great difficulty, if not impossibility, of pursuing your favourite profession. For that, as it seemed to be the means of your happiness, I was willing to make any sacrifice in my power; and against it, I was unwilling to urge my secret disinclination. Now I can speak out. You know what my opinion is of the feelings of a gentleman; — with me, they are solely confined to the mind. In this view, I looked forward to your inevitably associating with the working journeymen, if only in your duty; and I could not forbear entertaining serious thoughts that the effect, sooner or later, would be detrimental, in my estimation, to your character. In a public office you will not associate with any but gentlemen; for, should there be exceptions, they will be contemned, and consequently harmless. I have said that a clerk in a public office is a horse in a mill; he is so, but he is a well bred horse, at any rate; and would not your being compelled to work at, or dine at some everlastingly

repeated piece of machinery, be much the same? You looked forward to five or seven years of suffering, before you could arrive at a point whereat you could stop, and be happy. The first was plain enough, but the conclusion was doubtful. In all professions there must be a tedious schooling. A child must learn to walk before it attempts to run, or it tumbles down. If my little income died with me, I might be more strenuous for your election of some line of life, wherein you would be, followed most industriously, in better circumstances than myself. But, in a public office, should the salary, at first, not be sufficient to enable you to live decently and with comfort, I, your Parent, am ready to add to it, so that it shall be decent and comfortable. On the other hand, to confess the truth, it was a hard case for me to support a son till he was three or five and twenty, — that is, looking at it with one eye; though, looking at it with both eyes, I saw, and told you, how it might be effected, without injuring my income, but at the expence of your future one, though with great anxiety on my part. To avoid this anxiety, I chose to write for a newspaper; which I may continue to do, for both our sakes. Add to which, I laid down a stricter rule of economy, while living by myself. All this I did, and would continue to do cheerfully for your sake, — provided it were really for your sake. In a public office you will have, grant it, — a horse in a mill's work; still you earn a certain

salary; you being grist to the mill, while you work at it; and the grand thing is that you have much leisure time. Now this leisure time is the greatest blessing, or the greatest curse that attends a public-office clerk. According to its occupation, it leads to happiness, or to yawning dissipations. Of the latter there is no occasion to speak; but happiness is acquired by a man's having resources within himself, quite independent of others, for the occupation of his leisure hours. You can have reading, and your Latin, or what not, together with a quiet pursuit of mechanical inventions. You have, if you have the will to use them, ample means of becoming rich in happiness. I have known many clerks in public offices, and the unhappy ones were literally those who spent money for the occupation of their leisure hours. When I have learnt the nature of your office, I may be able to write more. When you write on 12th, I may know every thing. Then I must write to thank Mr. Warburton and Dr. Black, — to the latter, will it be right to address my letter under cover to Mr. Leader? — if so, where does he now reside? Remember me to Prelawny, — him I shall thank in due course. I catch myself writing long letters to you; — but I can yet afford to send my remembrance to every friend, with reference to Thornton and Henry, — but, in fact, to all. You have many friends here inquiring after you, — Mrs Boulter for one.

Your affectionate father,

Chas. Brown.

C
PAID
DE 9
1839

Mr. Charles Ward,
No. 5 Bridge's Road,
Pimlico
London.

Well your Cousin James, Mary, and the
others, I cannot recommend
The wood cuts are square and
Beautiful the 2d & 3d one is
in Brevier columns. — You
Ross Mary Ann
a pen and ink of mine.